

The Truth..
by Charlotte Greenwood

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A single poem, in English.

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The Truth..

Maybe the truth is over there
under the rubble
left with a lady on the street
in a paper bag.

Perhaps she has it
written down for safe keeping
on a scrap of paper
traveling homeless.
That is the truth
but everyone knows that.

I swear the other truth

the complicated one
with lots of people involved
and time taken to find it
is a number.

Something very real
very definite
like a number
it's probably on a graph
we can make a computer to find that.

I'm sure they must of found it in the past
it's obvious
probably it's hidden in a building
in a vault
behind a secret picture!
Under a city, within cave
the door to which
is in a library
of an old house.
It's down there waiting
for a time when it will be ready
to be used.

At that point everything will be;
it just will be.

So after finding it
everyone will decide to bury it again
in a better hiding place
for next time;
"well it used to be other there".

[END]